

A Lamentable DITTY made on the Death of ROBERT DE LA RUE, Earl of Essex,
written in the Tower of London, on the Wednesday, 1603.

1603 was the

A Lamentable BALLAD on the Death of ROBERT DE LA RUE,
The Tenth, Christ's last Good night.



When England's ruler is gone,
welladay, welladay,
when our king is dead and gone,
evermore shall;
we the poor State's subjects,
in Ireland, Spain, and France,
shall be a little better,
to think on him.
We were a precious Duke,
welladay, welladay,
that was our king's heart,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.
When our king's heart is dead,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.
When our king's heart is dead,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.

But all would not befall,
welladay, welladay,
that was our king's heart,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.
When our king's heart is dead,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.
When our king's heart is dead,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.

I fear you may be me,
welladay, welladay,
that was our king's heart,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.
When our king's heart is dead,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.
When our king's heart is dead,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.

And you may be to me,
welladay, welladay,
that was our king's heart,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.
When our king's heart is dead,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.
When our king's heart is dead,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.



Al you that cry, O Lord, O Lord,
come now and sing, O Lord, O Lord,
for our king is dead and gone,
the valiant Knight of Chivalry;
that rich and poor should know he,
in time on honorable Knight,
when by our King's command he,
he lately took his last good night.
Count him no like to Champion,
those valiant Men of War,
for like the Earl of Westmorland,
he lately took his last good night.
He never yet hurt another's skin;
his quarrel still maintains the right,
which makes the tears my face by now run,
when I think on his last good night.
The Portugals can witness be,
his Dagger of Lisbon that he sung,
and like a Knight of Chivalry,
his Chain upon the Gate he hung;
I would to God, that he would come,
to fetch them back in our right,
which thing was by his honour done,
yet lately took his last good night.
The Frenchmen they can witness be,
the Town of Gournay he took in,
and march to Rome immediately,
not caring for his loss a pin;
which witness then he gave their skin,
and made them fly from his sight;
he there that time did credit win,
and now hath tane his last good night.
And lately Cales can witness be,
then to his Duchy he came right,
he did command them all straightly,
to have a care of Justice there,
and that none should hurt any of mine,
which was against their right;
therefore they pray'd for his long life,
which lately took his last good night.

When our king is dead and gone,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.
When our king's heart is dead,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.
When our king's heart is dead,
evermore shall;
we almost lost the throne,
which makes us think on him,
that makes us think on him,
in every place.

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